

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

Once more Eva Tanguay, the lady who vows she "doesn't care nothin' about nothin'" is to desert vaudeville for musical comedy. An announcement from A. H. and L. Pincus, owners and managers of the Longacre Theatre, and moving spirits in the Times Producing Corporation, states that the comedienne has signed a contract with them and will quit the two-a-day work Feb. 5. A week later she will take up the stellar role in "The Girl Who Smiles" and make a tour of the larger cities of the Middle West and East, including Chicago. In the spring, according to the Pincus mimeograph, when Leo Ditrichstein has concluded his engagement in "The Great Lover" at the Longacre, Miss Tanguay will be seen there in a new musical comedy written especially to fit her wiggles and other eccentricities. In addition to all this, it is the intention of the Messrs. Pincus to have Miss Tanguay play at the Longacre five months of each season. Take it from Edward L. Bloom, general manager of the Times Producing Corporation, the salary to be paid the cyclonic one is the highest ever known in the realm of musical comedy. Miss Tanguay's most recent appearance in the legitimate, if we remember rightly, was in "Little Miss Fitt" for Weyburn & Luescher. Mr. Bloom is to manage her—or, possibly it would be more nearly correct to say he is to act as her manager.

OUR OWN MINSTRELS.

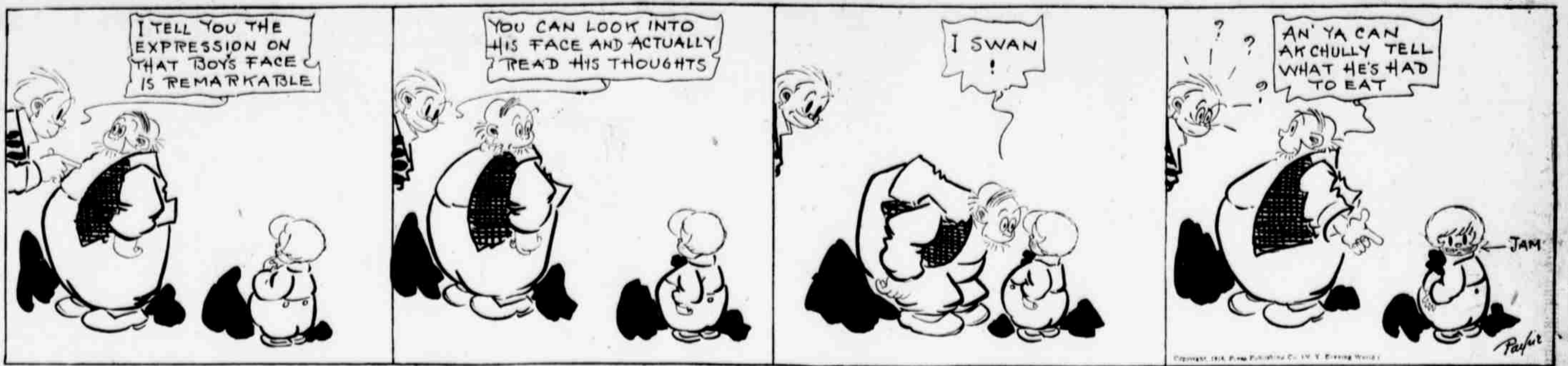
Interlocutor—My brother is now teller in a bank. He handles many fortunes in cash every day.
Bones—Read's people's futures, eh?
"What do you mean?"
"He's the bank's fortune teller, isn't he?"
Interlocutor—How's your cousin, who was kicked on the head at a dance, doing, Mr. Tambo?
Tambo—He has water on the brain.
"Did the kick cause it?"
"Sure! The fellow who kicked him was wearing pumps."
Interlocutor—Archibald Highnote, our peerless tenor, will sing a new ballad entitled, "Father, the Cow is Sick Again; We'd Better Sell Her at Once."

GOSSIP.

Marjorie Rambeau is ill.
Edwin T. Emery has returned from Chicago.
Al. G. Field, the millionaire minstrel, was in town last night.
Little Billy is in the George M. Cohan Musical Revue.
Helen Ware has found a vaudeville sketch suited to her talents.
Daniel Carson Goodman has gone to French Lick for a rest.
Randolph Hartley has gone West ahead of "The Eternal Magdalene."
Friends of the late Charles F. Waldman are planning a memorial service in honor of his memory.
Julia Opp, in private life Mrs. William Faversham, has returned to New York from Mount Kisco.
A bold, brazen man told Doris Easton yesterday that she had "come hither" eyes. Miss Easton immediately gave him a "beat it" look.
Vincent Serrano has been engaged for "Her Price." It is reported Irene Fenwick may be seen in the leading role.
Blanche Ring will give her first performance in "Jazz O'Day of Broadway" at the Apollo, Atlantic City, Feb. 1.
George Nash, supported by Julia Hay and company, will present "The Unexpected" at the Palace next week.
"Hit-the-Trail Holiday" will move from the Astor to the Harris, Feb. 7.
"Riddle Love," now at the Harris, will go on tour.
Jack Haskell, stage director, will sail for London Saturday to do some work for Albert de Courville.
Irving Berlin will pay \$1 a word for a new verse for the "Stop, Look, Listen" song now being sung at the Globe.
The contest will end Jan. 31.
Eva Puck, touring the Orpheum Circuit with her brother, Harry, came in from Indiana to spend a few days with her relatives at Freeport. She will go to Ohio Sunday.
"At the Bottom of the Sea," an interesting film which shows what goes on down in the briny deep, will be on the Strand programme in the near future.
Eva Le Gallienne, daughter of the poet, will play a cockney girl in a comedy called "Swank," which will

"S'MATTER, POP!"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Somehow We Feel That Axel Doesn't Want to Eliminate Mr. Moran!

By Vic



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—He Wasted His Time Trying to Do Business With This Wise Old Bird!

By Bud Counihan



HUMAN NATURE

By Thornton Fisher



THE ADVENTURES OF TOPSY

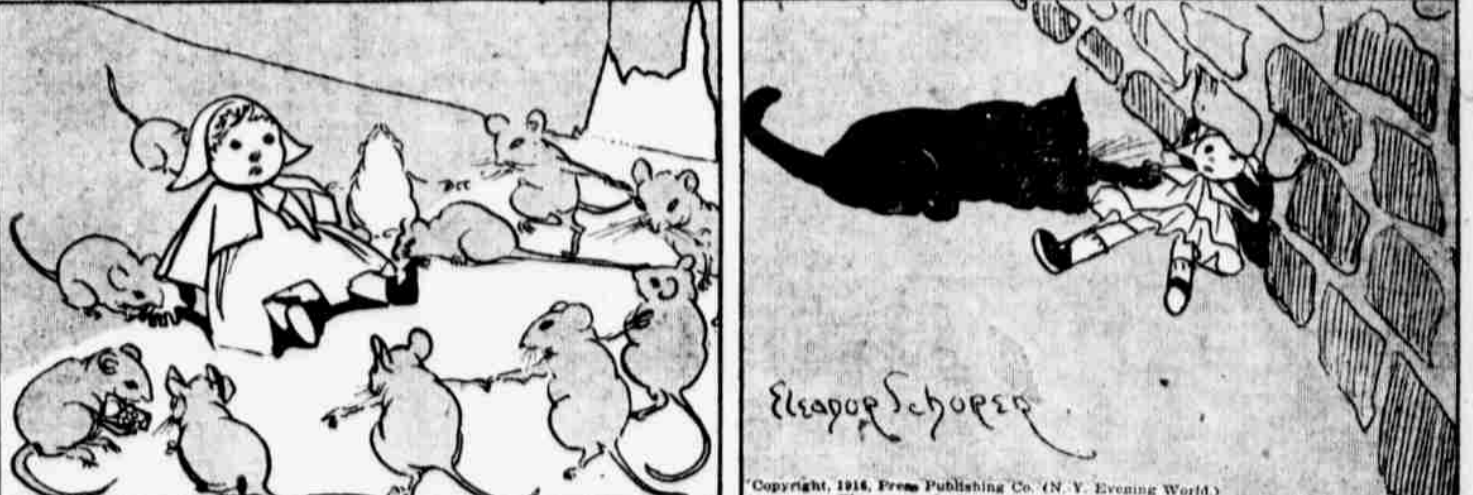
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By Eleanor Schorer



TABBY was so grateful to Topsy for having saved her from a ducking by Johnny Glynn that she suggested they have a delicious feast to celebrate and, taking Topsy's hand, gently led her down many steps into the lowest floor of the house. There, next a wee little hole, Tabby lay and watched and waited. For the first time Topsy realized what Tabby called a feast, and she wished that no little gray creature would venture out of that wee hole of a door. None did until "Puss, puss, puss," called Mary the maid from the top of the stairs, and Tabby had to go.

THEN in a twinkling the whole mouse family, mother, father, old grandfolks and little fat babies, scrambled to and fro, carrying their bits of cheese and other stores out of that home which they knew Tabby had discovered into another. Topsy saw that the new home had a bigger doorway: large enough, it was, for Tabby to put her paw through. Topsy's heart was sore for the little creatures, so she called "There is a big black cat in this house, and while Tabby is gentle and sweet it is in cat nature to catch little mice. You ought to move next door, my dears."



IN their excitement the mice had not noticed that Topsy stayed after Tabby left, and now they spied her out; but none understood what she said, and one of the elder gray folk said, "Squeak, squeak, she is spying to tell our black enemy, the cat, where we have gone, squeak, squeak." All together they tugged at Topsy's dress, saying "Squeak, squeak, we will take this spy captive, squeak, squeak." And into the new home they took Topsy, whose heart stood still to hear one of the older, practical gray creatures say, "These lovely rags will make a nest big enough for all of us!"

"NEVER will I be able to see dear Lord Fauntleroy," sighed Topsy, but none listened. The younger of the gray folk made a ring around our rag heroine and sang a song about how safe they now were hidden from Tabby cat. But they sang so loud that Tabby, who came softly back and missed Topsy, heard their song and, guessing all, reached through the doorway of their new home and rescued the distressed rag doll whose good intentions the mice misunderstood.